

## LEAVING IT TO DAD

BY KATE WEBER

"Well, mother, what are your plans for today?" asked father as his wife looked at him with a questioning eye. "You must plan for yourself, for it's my private opinion that you have been doing too much for me lately. You don't want to run up to Libertyville and see the boys?"

Mother's only reply was a smile as she playfully pushed him out the door and toward the waiting motor. She watched him as he disappeared down the wide street. Then quickly she turned to a window where hung a four-starred service flag. Slowly she pressed it to her heart, with a little prayer for those four boys who were home.

"This blue, my dear, is the truest of your hearts," this white the high hope of your country, and this red the small glow no brighter than my spirit's strength during your absence.

A little later, as she sat at her desk, planning her time at the various war activities, her eyes caught sight of a red-lettered card on the calendar—December 24th.

"Can next week be Christmas?" she thought with a start. "If only father would think of it before I can plan a way for us to keep this day, just as we used to."

## Pondering Question.

Unconsciously her gaze wandered across the tree-lined street, where stood a little yellow cottage, a house of the same vintage as the porch and little white shrubs clustered around the steps. It had been there, first home and when they were an early dream in this big house built for their boys, they had never been so close to home as when they were in the little cottage, so fraught with precious memories. Her eyes filled with tears, and with an overwhelming sense of helplessness she turned away from the window and went bravely about her duties. She ordered father's favorite tie for dinner, and cautioned the faithful Della to make the mercuric extra thick, for he is the only boy I have out to serve it off the top." Then she was off to her knitting class at one of the factories. That night, as she lay in bed, her day's work in father, she was laughingly reproved.

"You are inefficient, mother, for your own good. Your war work would be enough, goodness knows, without the putting down the care of this big house, with only Della's help. I don't approve of it."

She put down her knitting and ran her fingers soothingly through his hair.

"Oh, father, I can't tell you what all this work, as you call it, all these outside interests mean to me. They have been the outlet of many emotions, and the same time has helped me more than I can tell you, both in doing for my own self and others. As for the house, Della keeps this house in order, it is a sweet task, and one that keeps me from thinking of lots of things I must."

## Father Silent.

Father's reply was to merely turn the page of his paper and settle himself deeper in his chair. The clicking of a switch, moving needles and the crackle of the fire were the only sounds for awhile. Occasionally father would glance at his wife's placid face, her expression intent on her work in hand. Finally he turned and looked at a systematic pile up and down the room, a trick of his which usually presaged a serious conversation. Not looking up from her knitting, mother waited for him to begin.

"Mother, little dear, Christmas comes one week from tomorrow. What are we going to do about it. With an unconscious straightening of her shoulders she arose and placed her hands on his arm.

"Father, don't you think I have been trying to plan how we shall keep it, with all our babies gone? I've racked my brain all day, wondering how we couldn't have some children here, to live things up a bit. But somehow I have thought of something better. I just can't enthuse over it, father. I don't dread it a little, I—I—"

"Never mind, dear, I was a brute to bring it up, and I'll think of a way to celebrate this new kind of a Christmas, my dear. Somehow I have left things like that to you for so long that I never thought I could do it myself. But I will try to make it a little better."

At breakfast father announced that he had gone to the factory the day before, and insisted that mother go along as far as Libertyville.

## Needs Change.

"You need the change, dear, and I'll be long that before I can spare you again. We have got to stick together for Christmas, you know, and I have to be at home during the holidays, because all the men will be away on furloughs. After Christmas—well, you never can be sure. With which mystery I don't know, but I will try to make it a little better."

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## The Passing of the Yule Log

It is to be regretted that so many of our oldest and prettiest superstitions are fast going out of usage. We of course attribute this in a great measure to the bustling, busy age in which we are living—an age which is intolerant of too many customs which gave our predecessors such pleasure. We call ourselves too sensible for superstitions, yet in our hearts we yearn for them and the magic they cast about the seasons. We have to celebrate Christmas, and yet we are not getting around to the fact that we are having more and more Christmas as the holiday variety, which is excellent for the festive administration, but hard on the old-time holiday spirit.

For instance, we may lay to climate changes the passing of one of the most graceful and physically satisfying among the old English customs—that of burning the Yule log, for our Christmas season has changed imperceptibly but surely.

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## FAMOUS ADFORED HOUSE NOW RED CROSS HOSPITAL

LONDON, Nov. 5.—Adford house, one of the landmarks of Park lane, and which has been placed at the disposal of the American Red Cross for the treatment of the sick and wounded of the American navy by Mrs. Frederick Guest, wife of the member of parliament and sister-in-law of Lord Wimborne, has the distinction of being one of the most picturesque hospitals in London. One ward on the ground floor opens upon a veranda overlooking Hyde park, and with its rose-pink walls and screen covers is a very attractive place. Apart from the garden, which is exceptionally large as gardens go in this fashionable quarter, the residential West End, there is a winter garden, where the sailor patients sit when the weather is uninviting. The house is a fine old building with a wide roof garden commanding an extensive view of the park.

Founded 1835

—Armstrongs

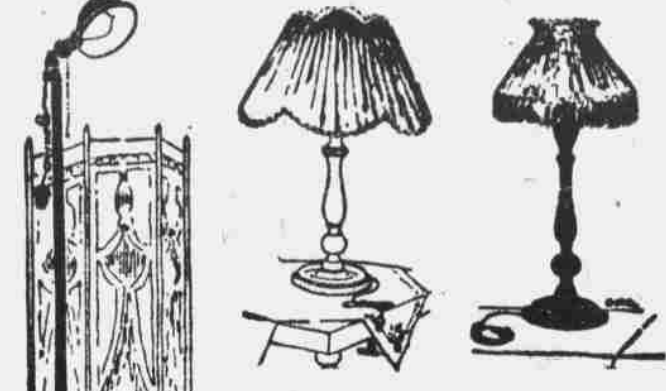
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Many Languages.

The principal literature of the league has been translated into French, Italian, Spanish, Japanese and German, and a succession of well-known men have carried and are now carrying the league's message to the leading men among our allies and the European neutrals. There is also constant interchange of views by means of correspondence with leaders of the league of nations movement in Europe and among other statesmen and molders of opinion there and in Japan.

The league to enforce peace is now organized in all but three states of our country. One of its first steps was the organization of a committee on information, with the result that notwithstanding the unusual demands upon newspaper space, the league activities have been sympathetically and generously reported throughout the country, and the almost universally favorable attitude of the press is the best evidence of the success of its efforts.

The executive and national committees are made up of leaders in labor, capital, agriculture, the church and education, in literature and women's organizations. Former President William Howard Taft is president of the league and has many times ably set forth its aims and activities. One of the most valuable publications of the organization is the Reference Book for Speakers, containing among other things, "The Things Against Which We Are Fighting," by Mr. Taft. Women with papers to take to prepare in regard to the league are urged to send for this as well as Mr. Taft's "Message of Peace," both of which may be had by addressing the league headquarters at 20 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The former publication also gives a list of addresses of various addresses of President Wilson, as well as sundry letters in regard to the league of nations idea. The current League Bulletin de la Ligue des Nations, in its fourth Liberty loan drive, "made the league real" to acknowledge the too obvious fact that the league was not only a reality, but a reality that was far more than a dream.

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